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DETROIT

PUNCH



MARCH
17
1943

Vol. CCIV
No. 5326

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN



"Salvaged from the Sea!"

Middle East.

Dear Sirs,

I have had the pleasure of smoking your "Barneys Mixture" for a number of years now. My wife, knowing of my preference for this particular tobacco, has, when obtainable, been sending me supplies.

One parcel of which I was advised had been sent was so long overdue that I gave it up as lost. However, it eventually arrived, marked "Salvaged from Sea," and among the contents were 2 tins of "Barneys" which, although badly battered, the tobacco itself was in perfect condition.

I have just completed smoking the second tin of it, and wish to commend you upon the quality of the tobacco, and the packing, which prevented the contents from being ruined.

Yours faithfully,

[This letter from the Middle East can be inspected.]

**Tribute to
Barneys
from the Middle East**

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full). 2/5d. oz.

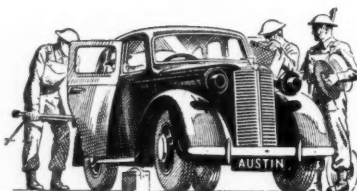
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BUT CAN
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You will now appreciate the value of your

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You may anticipate improved Post War features



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The deployment of our fighting forces in new theatres of war brings new demands upon the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund. Wherever our men are fighting, serving or training, the Y.M.C.A. must be ready to serve too. More money is urgently needed to finance this ever ex-

panding work. Will you help the Y.M.C.A. to carry comfort and recreation for body, mind and spirit to the young men who are bearing the heat and burden of the war? Please send your contribution to-day.



THE NATIONAL Y.M.C.A. WAR SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940) 128
To the Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.
President: National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund,
112, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1,
or 10, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh 12.
Vice-President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London
(Sir Samuel Joseph)
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"FRUIT SALT"
Large family size 3/6
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Advertisement of
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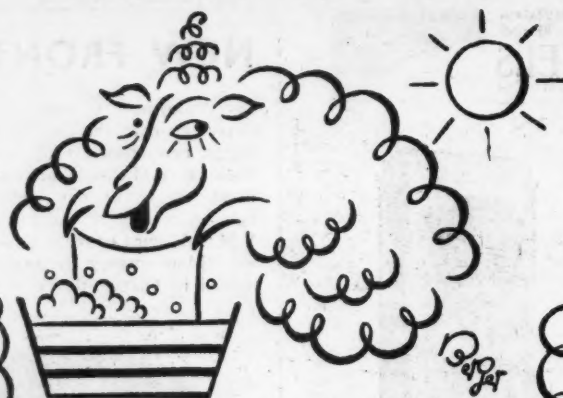
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Get all your lightsome Wolsey out
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Then wash with care in water cool,
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Each Wolsey pantie set preserved
Helps win the Victory Stakes!"

Wolsey

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**stand by China on
China's flag day
London, March 23**
elsewhere during last week in March

Haven't you, like so many others, wished you could do something practical for the heroic Chinese? Britain's Flag Day for China is your chance. Think of China's long fight, of all it has meant to us, of China's homeless and orphans. And then give something more than you usually give for a flag. The cause is so great, the need so urgent. Ask at the Town Hall for the date of your local Flag Day.

UNITED AID TO CHINA FUND

(Registered under War Charities Act, 1940)

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All shrewd Judges smoke

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Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



Steady!

—that's the order in these days of shortage.

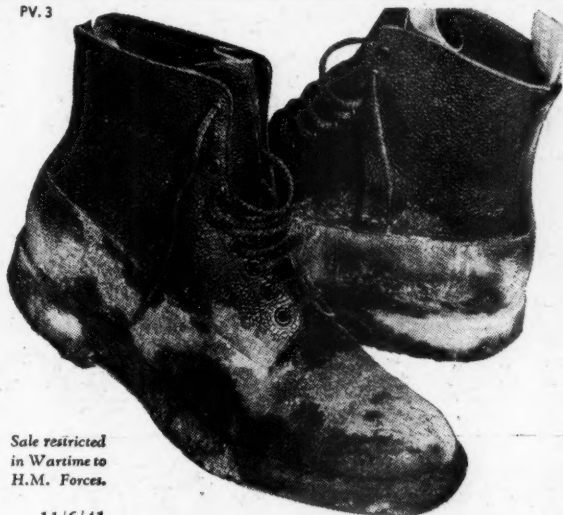
However tough on your self-restraint, that extra glass simply must be foregone for the duration; which makes it doubly enjoyable, and doubly precious.

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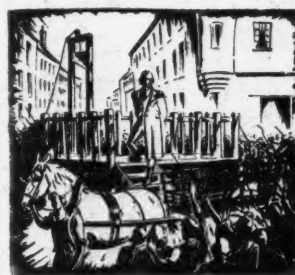
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I purchased a pair in 1920. I first used them for farm work, then on and off for gardening and riding. For some time they lay neglected in the garage, then six months ago I had them re-soled and they are once again trusty friends in regular harness.

LOTUS

Veldtschoen

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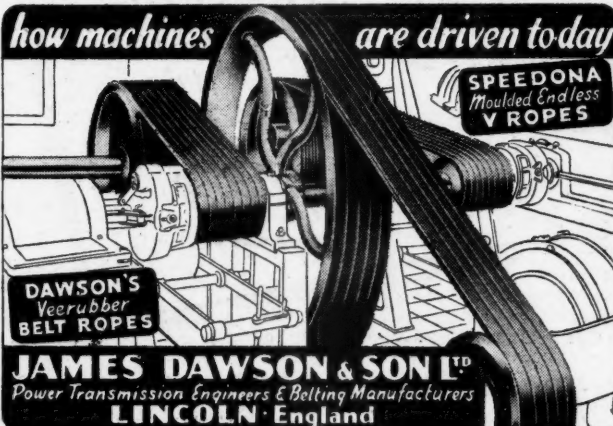
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New fronts in 1943 have been promised. When these campaigns open **SALVATION ARMY WORKERS AND EQUIPMENT MUST BE READY TO FOLLOW THE FORCES.**

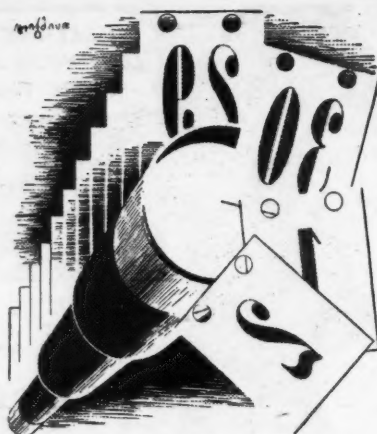
Money is needed now to maintain and extend Salvation Army work for the Services.

Please send a gift to-day to

GENERAL CARPENTER,
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THERE'S THE SALVATION ARMY!

THE ARMY THAT SERVES ON EVERY FRONT



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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5326

March 17 1943

Charivaria

"SPRING has arrived on the Eastern Front," says a German commentator. It is believed that the Fuehrer has already changed into lighter steel underwear.

"Vigorous exercise after a bath will soon dry the body," says a writer. Most people, however, prefer a towel for complete dehydration.



"Miss ——— confided the news to three women all told."
Hertfordshire Paper.
Careless punctuation.

A Canadian lumberman in this country shaves with his axe. Safety-razor users should try this. We doubt if any wife could sharpen a pencil with an axe.

"When I use a typewriter I find I make many mistakes in spelling," says a correspondent. That's the worst of a typewriter. It's so legible.

"It is not easy building a collection of ancient coins," states a collector. Collections of modern coins also take some building.

A small boy eating an orange in a London bus was watched with interest by the rest of the passengers. He explained that he was doing a little fasting between meals.

At a recent West-End dance only one woman was in full evening dress. She looked very much out of it.

Gardening papers say that now is the time to look out for worms on lawns. They are usually to be found pushing a mower up and down.

It has been asked why women habitually hold their chins when thinking. Can it be to prevent themselves from interrupting?

"Playing some music," says a pianist, "has an almost intoxicating effect on me." A few preliminary twirls on the piano-stool are a great help.



A sailor boasts that he has a cartoon tattooed on his back. The joke is on him.

De Gustibus

"Lost, Fri night, in or between Oughtibridge and Hillsbro', small red-faced Lady's Wrist Watch; sentimental value."—*Sheffield Star.*

When a fishmonger opened his shop the other morning he found that all he had to sell was an eel. This was queued up ready for the customers.



Neck or Nothing

"**N**OBODY, not even Sir William Beveridge, has told us exactly what everyone is going to do when the war is over, even if the fear of want is entirely removed, and of course as this was the *ONLY* button that really mattered it has gone. . . . Employment is the curse of Adam, who had nothing to work at except a little light naming of the animals, and elementary leaf-stitching, but employment there must be nowadays even in an earthly paradise. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in a rather good letter to *The Times* the other day, rather sensibly suggested—no, it was *not* subjected to any particular strain, it merely buttoned the shirt calmly and quickly underneath the front part of my head, enabling me to dispense with the use of collar-studs and present them to the nation to be incorporated into Stirlings and Lancasters and help to bomb Germany. Several of my shirt-studs were mentioned in the 'Wings for Victory' campaign in Trafalgar Square—I was saying that Mr. George Bernard Shaw wants us to harness the tides of the Pentland Firth between the Orkneys and Caithness and let them carry on with the important work of Great Britain; he says the climate is very pleasant and a lot of engineers would be employed in the initial stages, while the tides were being broken in. . . . Anybody who does not believe in the deliberate malignity of laundries must obviously believe in the deliberate malignity of Providence, and take the view that the powers of evil in this world are greater than the powers of good. But I happen to be an optimist. . . . Another point of course is that several million houses will have to be built and at least half the population will have to be employed as brick-makers and hodmen and mortar-mixers and so forth. You can hardly expect the Pentland Firth to do that sort of thing, and in my opinion everybody ought, as far as possible, to carry hods and mix mortar for his own house in order to encourage a sense of individual craftsmanship and personal responsibility. . . . I suppose you realize that there will soon be a complete shortage of these buttons, which are made, I believe, of pasteurized milk, and unless there is an extra release of pasteurized milk it will be impossible to fasten any shirt in Great Britain, and the whole Allied offensive will come to naught. The shirts of soldiers depend on the supply of buttons just as much as the shirts of civilians. . . .

But another big job of course will be the re-education of Germany. The Bishop of Chichester believes that most of the German people are not entirely bad. Lord Vansittart takes the opposite view, but even he does not propose to exterminate the entire population of Germany. I take a moderate line, and suggest that about two English teachers will be needed to re-educate every ten Germans, so that those who are not harnessing the Pentland tides, and building houses, will be giving extension lectures in Hamburg and Cologne and Berlin. While the Germans are listening to these teachers they can be making buttons and sewing them on to shirts. As you say, most things in Germany seem to be made of compressed acorns, but they probably make as good buttons as pasteurized milk. . . . You have to remember too that almost the whole population of Great Britain will also be needed for farming and agriculture, since we must no longer depend on foreign supplies for our food. A self-supporting pastoral population is the first claim on our labour, and I remember that after the last war nearly everybody wanted to keep hens, and most of them did. There were so many eggs that no one would buy them. This time we must not beat all our swords into poultry-runs, but beat some of them into cattle-cake and artificial

fertilizers, and if there are any left over they can be beaten into buttons. *There might possibly be some in that box over there.* The real difficulty is that we shall also have to re-establish our foreign export trade, and that we shall have to export, and where it is going to I haven't the least idea, unless a few hundred thousand square miles of black-out material could be sent to the Republic of Argentina. They could be used for making suits and pyjamas, but even then they would need buttons.

And there is another difficulty. In order to compete with the United States in air-transport most of this country will have to be used for aerodromes, because Great Britain will be the air junction for Europe, and this will interfere with all the people who are ploughing and sowing and building houses and harnessing the tides.

Obviously millions of clerks will be needed to direct people what to do, and when and where, and to transplant workers who were just about to harness a tide to a place where they ought to have been planting vegetables in the middle of an aerodrome, or packing up black-out material to ship out to South America. *Yes, I suppose I COULD go to London with a scarf wrapped round my neck, and no tie; everyone, as you say, is a tovarich in these days, though I should have thought it would be simpler to be a mahatma and wear nothing at all on the top part of one's body. Clearly the laundry is full of Fifth Columnists and crypto-Nazis from one end to the other, and as I was saying we have to remember that a miner may not take very readily to tide-harnessing, nor a Commando to planting cabbages, which is a tremendous strain on the braces as well as the buttons of a shirt.*

On the whole I think re-educating the Germans will be the most popular occupation after the war, but a man who goes to Europe as a schoolmaster in order to teach the civilization of the Western democracies to a horde of barbarians should surely be decently dressed. I have been talking for the most part about the post-war occupation of men. As for the millions of women who have been employed in making tanks and managing predictors—*Oh, you've found one, have you? Thank heaven for that. If you haven't a needle and cotton try a bradawl and a piece of strong wire.*"

EVOE.

H.G. Veterans

IN the impatient presence of the young
Wise veterans curb the reminiscent tongue,
So, with the boys, we ribboned relics shun
Talk of that odd old-fashioned war we won;
But when alone we more sedately chat,
No topic can revive our youth like that.
"Do you remember"—where and how and when—
With mutual tolerance we're off again!
How we shall miss it, when our brotherhood
These horrid little anklets doffs for good!
And when we meet hereafter, poor old things,
With the garrulity that dotage brings,
We probably shall cheer our final phase
With mumblings of the good old Home Guard days!

W. K. H.

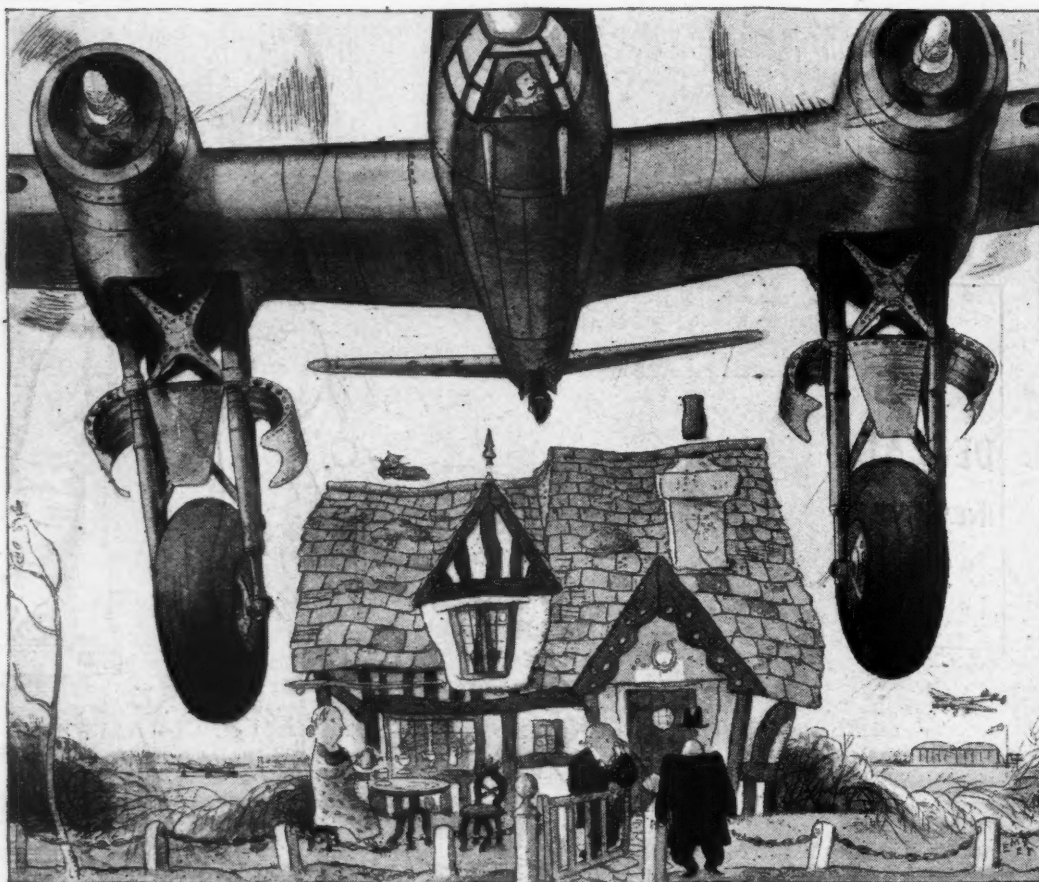
"CORN FROM THE BUNYAN COUNTRY."—*Daily Telegraph.*
And coals from Newcastle.



READING WITH TEARS

"Give me some pinker ones. I can still read it."

[Signor Mussolini, it is reported, has been advised to wear spectacles.]



"I'm afraid we shall have to leave building the new wing until after the war."

First Solo

I AM sitting in my little aeroplane—a Tiger Moth of uncertain vintage—and I am not alone. In front of me is a head.

It is quite a nice head really. Especially does it look nice because it is clothed in a beautiful close-fitting black helmet.

My helmet is not close-fitting. I doubt if it were designed to fit anything. Ear-pieces have been sewn into it by special measurement in the places where my ears were presumed to be—but they are not there. Had they been there I should have been ashamed to walk the streets, for a person to have been seen with his left ear stuck on his face only one inch behind his eye and his right ear exactly on the spot where,

as a Boy Scout, I was taught to press hard to stem arterial bleeding from the scalp, would have excited considerable attention.

Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that I have to strain every nerve to catch the words that are shrieked at me from the head in front? Does it seem surprising that because, as I can see, the head in front has ears and ear-pieces that actually coincide, every word of my replies voiced in hesitant and timorous whispers should be perfectly audible?

But look! The black-helmeted head is moving from side to side. It is obvious from the motions that the owner of the head is about to leave the aeroplane.

Perhaps I should explain that we are not in the air.

We are on the ground.

Had we been in the air I should have been very much alarmed. Even on the ground the departure from the aeroplane of the owner of the lovely black helmet is somewhat disturbing. It is a most definite indication that I am about to be launched into the air on my own. And for the first time.

Of course it could be that the owner of the beautiful black helmet is leaving the aeroplane in order to cuff me forcibly on the ear, but then if he struck me on the place where my helmet indicates my ear to be I should not receive the blow actually on the ear itself.

The thought is comforting.

I notice that he is throwing the Sutton harness viciously over each shoulder in such a way that the metal bolt and safety-pin are striking the fuselage so as to cause small pieces of cellulose to chip off.

I personally have been reprimanded for doing exactly the same thing.

The man with the beautiful black helmet is now out of the aeroplane and is standing on the running-board, bending over with his head buried in the front cockpit. He is not looking for anything. He is merely lacing up the Sutton harness so that it will not foul the controls.

I am glad it is his head that I have had previously to look at and not the portion of his anatomy that is at present polishing the glass of my wind-screen. It is an undignified position for such a man as the owner of the beautiful black helmet.

He has now finished his menial task and is standing beside me saying something. Exactly what it is he is saying I am not too sure. It is something to do with the aeroplane being lighter now that he is not in it—a piece of obvious reasoning that I should have thought he would have credited me with the ability to deduce myself.

He has now finished talking and is jerking his thumb in the direction of the furthest boundary of the aerodrome. This, I gather, means that all is clear and I may take off.

Isn't the day uncommonly warm?

My hand is on the throttle and I am moving it gently forward so that I suddenly see the gentleman, still in the beautiful black helmet, disappear rather more rapidly than I should have expected past my port wing-tip.

I see that I am now almost level with the corner of the large hangar where, in normal circumstances, I should still be on the ground, but it feels at the moment uncommonly as if I am already in the air.

Perhaps this is what the gentleman in the beautiful black helmet meant when he said the aeroplane would be lighter now that he was not in it—or is it that I have forgotten to position the tail-trimmer?

I have forgotten to position the tail-trimmer.

Furthermore, I observe with sudden terror that the slots on both upper main planes are hanging out like dogs' tongues on a hot day.

What, I wonder, is my air-speed?

I consult the dial. Surely—surely it cannot be true. But it must be true. It has never lied before, therefore I cannot conceive how it could be anything else but true—unless it be

"indicated." But that is a joke, and jokes in my present predicament are to be discouraged.

Had I not better do something about it?

I better had.

I do.

The tail-trimmer comes forward with such determination that, lo! I am on the ground again.

How I wish at this moment that the beautiful black helmet were in front of me! Perhaps I ought to go back. Perhaps, after all, I am not yet ready for this major event in my flying career. Perhaps I am not feeling too well. Perhaps—but it is too late. I am airborne once again.

For the moment everything appears to be in order. From the look of the ground I seem to be up a considerable depth. Suppose I were to abandon all now and descend to earth dangling from the end of my parachute? Would it not be safer than to attempt to replace this monster of fabric, wood and metal all in one piece upon the ground with me inside it?

Perhaps it wouldn't.

Perhaps also the gentleman with the beautiful black helmet would not approve, and I have suffered his disapproval before. I have suffered his disapproval for such a trivial thing as failing to put my engine on when I felt sure that the tree immediately ahead of us was every bit of three hundred feet below the aeroplane. The gentleman in the beautiful black helmet was equally convinced that it was not.

He had a way of voicing his disapproval which made me feel very small. How small would I not then feel standing stupidly in front of him with the white folds of my parachute draped about me!

But I am flying an aeroplane—moreover for the first time alone. Had I not therefore better give it a little of my attention?

I better had.

I do.

To my astonishment I discover that, flying like an automaton and without any consciously arranged planning, I have reached the phenomenal altitude of fifteen hundred feet, have completed two turns, and am now flying downwind three fields beyond the haystack where I had previously decided I should make my turn across wind.

The aerodrome is, therefore, a considerable distance behind me.

This has upset all my calculations. I must get back to the aerodrome as quickly as my one hundred and thirty horse-power will take me. . . .

Ah! That is better. I have done so—not very well or very skilfully—but I have done so.

Ahead of me I can see the aerodrome, but who is that fool standing in the middle of it? Does he not realize that although I have two hundred acres of field to choose from, my one object is to aim my aeroplane at the exact spot on which he is standing? Has he the brains of an imbecile that he chooses thus to imperil his life in this stupid fashion? Has he not—?

Oh, I see—it is the gentleman with the beautiful black helmet.

I will therefore endeavour to avoid him. . . .

That is better. . . .

Am I not now over the boundary of the aerodrome at a height of one hundred feet and are not my knees for some unaccountable reason shaking so violently that my feet tremble on the rudder-bar?

This is disturbing, but I must have all thoughts for the impact with the ground. Is it not high time I held off?

High time? "High," I thought, was an adjective applicable only to altitude or old game—never to "time." Dear me! the peculiarities of the English language.

I cannot, however, afford to think of that now.

My aeroplane is rushing to earth with a speed far in excess of what I consider it ought to be. I will therefore pull everything back and, given the luck of the devil, to which, as I observed from my horoscope this morning, I am this day fully entitled, I may succeed in landing with little damage either to myself or to my aeroplane. . . .

Oh, joy! Am I not now on the ground and did I not notice that once there I stayed and did not bounce off?

I look round.

The gentleman with the beautiful black helmet is approaching unsteadily—why unsteadily, I wonder?

I observe that he is now carrying the beautiful black helmet in his hand. Thus I am afforded the opportunity of looking at his head without the beautiful black helmet surrounding it. I notice that it is quite bald.

Do I wonder?

No, I suppose really I do not.

o o

Evasive Action

"The kick-off is at 3.15, and the teams will be found elsewhere."

Cambridge Daily News.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Pictures

"STAR-SPANGLED RHYTHM" (PLAZA)

EVERYTHING, except intelligence, is on the largest possible scale in *Star-Spangled Rhythm*. According to the programme, this film has the greatest star cast in the history of motion pictures, its director, GEORGE MARSHALL, apparently holding that a film with sixteen stars must be sixteen times better than a film with only one. Where this principle will eventually lead Hollywood remains to be seen, but if all the stars can be included in one picture, why not all the star parts—*Shylock* and *Hedda Gabbler*; *Romeo and Juliet* and *Chu Chin Chow*; *Charley's Aunt*, *Charles Surface* and *King Lear*; *St. Joan* and *Hamlet* and *Donald Duck*?

Among the advantages of such a film would be the virtual impossibility of marring it with anything like a connected plot. An interesting story tends to divert attention from the actors to the action, a risk which is well guarded against in *Star-Spangled Rhythm*. There is a story of sorts, attached to *Pop Webster* (EDDIE BRACKEN), the gateman at the Paramount studio, but much more important than the story is the fact that it takes place in the actual grounds of the Paramount studio, the iron gates which we see being the authentic iron gates at the entrance to the studio, and the angry or agitated directors being CECIL B. DE MILLE, PRESTON STURGES and RALPH MURPHY themselves.

The device which makes the introduction of so many stars practicable is a simple one. A show is given in the course of the story, and the stars appear in the show. VERA ZORINA's graceful dance against a snowy background was a soothing interlude in the general medley; BOB HOPE was as amusing as circumstances allowed; and the burlesque of their own charms by PAULETTE GODDARD, VERONICA LAKE and DOROTHY LAMOUR, who, according

to the programme, wore her shortest sarong, left their charms intact, if not enhanced.

The film closed with BING CROSBY singing "Old Glory" to a patriotic

in *The Silver Fleet*, which is as good as a war film can be. Three hundred years ago, when Holland was suffering under Spain, a Dutch sailor, Piet Hein, captured a fleet of bullion from the

Spaniards. Taking Piet Hein as his model, *Jaap van Leyden* (RALPH RICHARDSON), a Dutch shipbuilder, under cover of co-operating with the Nazis, organizes an ingenious system of sabotage, arranging for one of his submarines to be taken to England by a dozen mechanics who overpower the German crew, and sacrificing his own life in order to submerge a second submarine into which he has lured a number of important Germans.

The Nazis are not all of one pattern. One of them, an admiral, is indeed quite human, an efficient German naval officer of the old school; the local Gauleiter has the self-conscious

fatuity characteristic of Germans when they try to live up to the theory that they belong to a superior type; and the Gestapo chief, *von Schiffer*, is played with such gusto by ESMOND KNIGHT that, in spite of his brutality, pomposity and lamentable table-manners, one becomes almost sorry for him as he plunges from disaster to disaster in his unconscious duel with *van Leyden*.

Dutchmen and Englishmen are sufficiently alike to make it difficult for an Englishman to look Dutch without overdoing it. RALPH RICHARDSON succeeds perfectly in this delicate feat. Solid, shrewd, free from heroics even in the most exciting or poignant moments, he is as lifelike as it is possible to be within the conventions of a war film. It is a pity, however, that he should not clear things up with his wife *Helène* (GOOGIE WITHERS) before going to his death. Believing him to be a quisling, she locks him out of her room on his last night.

He arranges that she shall learn the truth later, but in real life he would have explained matters on the spot and thus saved her from entirely unnecessary remorse. However, with all its merits, *The Silver Fleet* is only a film.

H. K.



[*Star-Spangled Rhythm*]

PRODUCTION SPEED-UP

crowd stationed beneath huge plaster casts of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, the set look of iron



[*The Silver Fleet*]

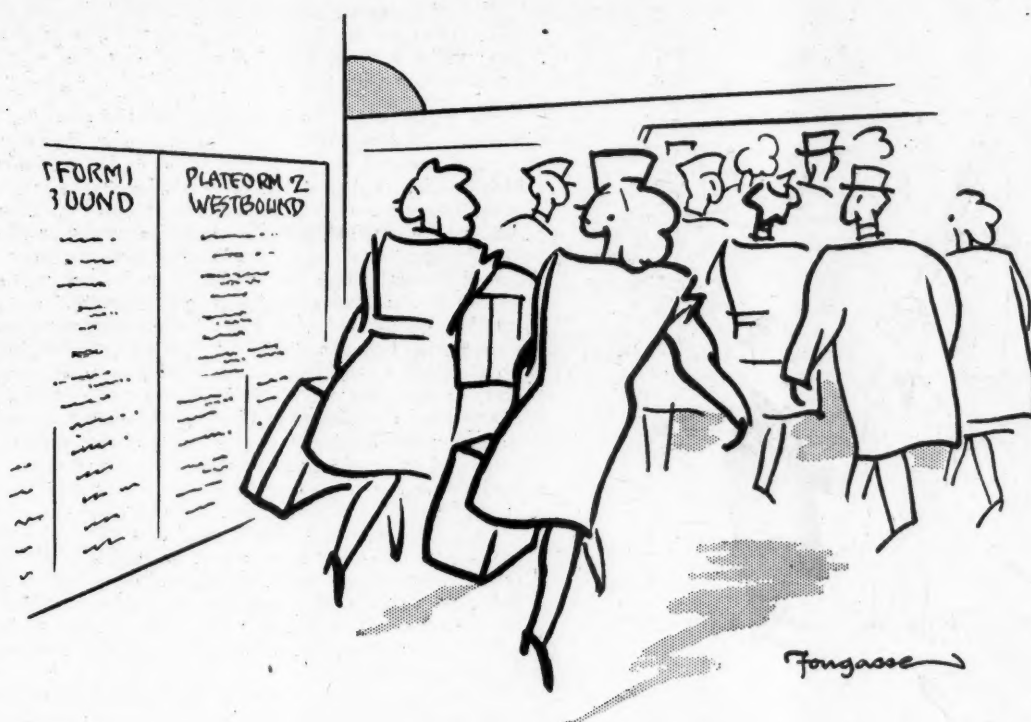
QUIZ

Jaap van Leyden RALPH RICHARDSON
Von Schiffer ESMOND KNIGHT

endurance on whose faces seemed understandable enough.

"THE SILVER FLEET"
(LEICESTER SQUARE)

Plot and acting are both excellent



"Come on, Doris—don't stop to find out if it's ours, or we'll miss it."

Help

BUT you don't mean to tell me you've actually got one in the house?"

"Oh, but I have! Isn't it wonderful? She's one of those treasures. She was with my aunt for years and years, and now she's been with us for simply ages. Do sit down—lunch will be ready quite soon."

"Couldn't I help you?"

"Thank you so much. I generally just clean the silver myself because it saves Mrs. Whiskware, but I've practically finished now. If we put it away in here it makes it easier for Mrs. Whiskware, though really I generally carry it in to her. . . . Telephone! Do forgive me if I run. . . . (All right, Mrs. Whiskware, don't trouble, I'll go!)"

"There! I'm so sorry to have left you. We'll have lunch at once. I hope you like curry. I made this myself as it happens, because I want Mrs. Whiskware to have a rest—she sometimes looks tired. You won't mind my doing the washing-up afterwards, I know. I do like her to have the afternoons off. Now, do come in to

lunch. . . . Oh, I'm sorry about the carpet-sweeper! That was quite my fault, leaving it about like that. I try to get through the sweeping early, to save Mrs. Whiskware. Otherwise I think she gets rather worried about it. I must just tell her. . . . (Mrs. Whiskware! No, no—don't trouble to come. Only to say we'll change the plates ourselves. Thank you! . . .) It's so much easier for her if we change the plates and clear away and so on.

"Wasn't that the front-door bell? (All right, Mrs. Whiskware, I'll go! . . . Just someone leaving a message, I'm so sorry. (It wasn't anything, Mrs. Whiskware! Don't you bother at all, please!)"

"Really, everyone I know is in the same difficulty. Absolutely no domestic help to be had. One's really extraordinarily lucky. . . . That's only one of the dogs asking to be let in. . . . (All right, Mrs. Whiskware! I'm going.) Now, in about one minute he'll ask to be let out again. I seem to be always opening and shutting doors for the dogs. If Mrs. Whiskware wasn't so

devoted to them I really think they'd have to go. But she simply adores the dogs. They really take up quite a lot of time, because one has to give them some exercise. No, I don't let Mrs. Whiskware do it, or get their meals or anything; I think it's rather much for her. There, you see! He wants to go out again—back to the kitchen. (All right, Mrs. Whiskware! Don't you move, I'll let him out.)

"I thought I'd bring the next course with me—it'll save her legs. And I'll make the coffee in here—it gives Mrs. Whiskware less to do. . . . It really seems quite wonderful, to have help, when everybody else is simply . . . Telephone again! (All right, Mrs. Whiskware! I'll answer it!)"

"And I've never really thanked you for asking us to come over on Sunday, but as a matter of fact we shall be away. I've got my husband to agree to spending the week-end at my sister's, though I know he doesn't really like it. But I feel it would be such a rest for Mrs. Whiskware to have us all out of the house."

E. M. D.



"I was standing right here when it fell, and it's a wonder I'm still here to lie to you."

H. J. Talking

ONCE a rumour got round that I had been buried, this being caused by an experiment I did on how long one could be up to one's neck in tar without getting hungry. B. Smith cooked various dishes in front of me, and when my mouth watered we took the time and the experiment was over. Owing to the smells made by B. Smith being unappetising, the experiment lasted so long it did not prove much. However, the rumour caused the local newspaper to publish my obituary, and this, it will have become obvious, I intend to print.

"HARMONY JENKINS NO LONGER AMONG THOSE PRESENT"

Yestereen Pa Time swung his sickle and down went H. Jenkins for the count. This noted local resident was for many years something in the scientific line, but our readers are more likely to be interested in the size of his estate, which will probably not be large. However, you will have to wait for the figures just as we do. No one in the office knows any scandalry about him, so we content ourselves by adding that this late Jenkins leaves a savoury memory and was not without offspring."

When it was pointed out that I was not dead at all they first denied that they had said I was, and then printed the following:

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

Bill Shakespeare's storm in a tea-cup was nothing to that raised by one Jenkins, whose demise we prematurely announced a week ago. Hope on, brothers; all things come to him who waits."

My grandfather, Bijou Jenkins, was the centre of many legends in our family. At the age of four he leant out of his nursery window and poured water over Lord Palmerston, this proving that his whiskers were dyed, a fact to which great importance has always been attached by historians. When he was expelled from school for ending an essay on Great Men, "Gladstone, like Washington, cut down trees, but Washington was also truthful," he became pot-boy at No. 10 Downing Street and had to fetch oysters and porter for the Cabinet. During this time he learnt many secrets, among such being that Disraeli once wrote an unpublished novel which by mistake was left with some other papers and, being rewritten by the Treasury draftsman, was enacted by Parliament and has never since been traced.

During the Tichborne case my grandfather caused great confusion by claiming to be Arthur Orton, and was exposed only when the cross-examining counsel produced a dead sheep from under his desk and challenged him to fillet the brisket. He was particularly good at getting on juries in famous trials, and it being vague exactly how far a juror might intervene, he eventually absorbed so much of the limelight with his questions, speeches and riders that with the intention of disqualifying him from jury service he was called to the Bar, but refused to go, thus creating yet another precedent.

During one of the Zulu wars Bijou gained notoriety by organizing a pigeon-post, but not being much of an ornithologist he admitted a wide variety of birds to it, and as in its early days, before accommodation for a London headquarters could be found, the crates were kept in the railway left-luggage offices, great confusion was caused. When two hawks and a buzzard had within the space of half an hour brought urgent messages to the station-master at Waterloo about a shortage of tent-pegs, the direction of the unit was removed from my grandfather, though he was allowed to return from retirement to lead it during the Victory Parade.

During the Boer War he was in charge of a propaganda bureau, designed to attract Boers freely into the British Empire. After some years of work he produced a brochure, copies of which were smuggled into Boer territory. Owing to the smallness of his grant, my grandfather had to use whatever material was easily available, and this included a sermon on the sins of Mayfair, several photographs of cemeteries, and a chess problem, readers being told that the answer would be given to them on arrival at one of our outposts. The brochure also contained a list of public examinations open to British citizens.

Some parents believe in bringing up their children to be useful and some are content if they merely refrain from assaulting the guests. We have done our best to get a return for our outlay from the family but without much result. The twins are fairly good scrubbers, but weak on cooking. Secundus makes basket after basket and insists that this is his sufficient contribution towards the household, but the problem of storage is becoming acute, especially as he is very enthusiastic and makes each basket a different shape so that objects shall fit closely in them, and unless they are placed systematically on shelves one wastes a long time looking for the cucumber basket or the one designed for umbrellas. Junissimus has taken over the duty of removing the fluff from keys and keyholes, and for this purpose he has a very small vacuum-cleaner which works



"Then there will be a question on heredity from a listener in Buxton—but Huxley will answer that one."

by steam and is fitted with a whistle, no one knows why. The only work the children will do together as a family is weeding, and their method is very carefully thought out. They first dig up a section of the path with large shovels. Then they remove this to their playroom, where they can sit down in comfort, and extract the parts they don't want. The path is then thrown back from the window and they take a board and put it over the heap of gravel and earth. Chairs are placed on the board; the children sit on them to read or play cards; and their weight forces the path back to normal.

Snakes

IT was Second-Lieutenant Simpson's idea for us to have a round of golf at the Bulonga Country Club.

"It will do us good," he said, "to take a few hours' rest from our arduous duties at the Transit Camp." Actually, our duties at the Transit Camp, where we bid fair to become the oldest inhabitants, are about as arduous as if we were stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds. Simpson's sole task at the moment is to superintend the turning on of the main electric-light switch at 0600 hours (he is Day Assistant Orderly Officer) while I (Night Assistant Orderly Officer) see that it is turned off at 2300 hours.

The Bulonga Country Club, like most clubs in hospitable Africa, throws itself open to officers of the Imperial Forces, and as soon as we had negotiated for the hire of clubs and caddies and the purchase of balls and tees, we made for the bar. Simpson said that he was by nature very slightly

astigmatic, and that his optician, a keen golfer himself, had therefore advised him always to get slightly cock-eyed before playing a round.

"The snakes," said the barman, when he had handed us our drinks, "seem a bit extra vicious to-day. Poor old Mr. Granshaw was bitten in the knee and had to be rushed off to hospital, and a visiting lieutenant only just managed to foil a black mamba by stunning it with a niblick."

Simpson seemed unmoved by this disquieting news, but personally I was aghast. There is something about snakes I do not like. Roaring lions (in imagination, at least) I can face with curled lip and contemptuous smile, but snakes make me go cold all over.

"Are they on one particular hole," I asked, trying to make my voice sound as casual as I could, "or scattered all over the course?"

"You will generally only find them," said the barman, "where there are bushes."

Those people who imagine Africa to be a treeless, bushless waste are quite wrong. The bit of Africa containing the golf-course of the Bulonga Country Club is extraordinarily well supplied with bushes.

Even as I drove from the first tee I felt certain that I had made a mistake in betting Simpson ten shillings that I would win. I had a feeling that my ball would find one of the many bushes in sight. As a matter of fact, it found the nearest one, about twenty yards from the tee. Simpson's ball found a bush only a few yards further away, but our relative attitude towards snakes made all the difference to our iron shots. Expecting a mamba to spring out of the bush at me, or creep up my trouser-leg, I made a mere poke at the ball, and it dribbled five yards, not much more, to my fevered imagination, than a snake's-length away. Simpson, playing as if he had never heard of snakes, sent his ball a good eighty yards. This, in the sort of game he and I play, is quite a long way.

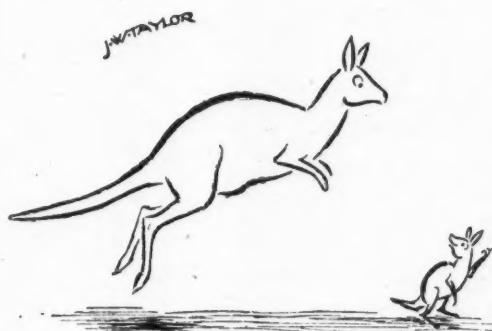
There is little need to tell of the rest of the game. Where the bushes were thick around my ball I simply gave up the hole. Even near the smallest bush I topped, or sliced, or missed altogether. Simpson won by 7 and 5, and took another half-crown from me on the bye, though he gave me two strokes a hole.

Back at the bar I happened to see him slip the barman half-a-crown, and after that I had a chat with a civilian.

"Are there many snakes on this course?" I asked.

"I've played here eighteen years," said the civilian, "and I have never seen one."

I am afraid the Army is sapping Second-Lieutenant Simpson's moral fibre.





"Now here's an interesting example of early 1940."

The Phoney Phleet

XI.—H.M.S. "Aquatint"

YOU know the thing I wrote last time
About Commander (E) George Syme?

You don't? I had a sort of hunch
That lots of you don't read your *Punch*.
Oh, well—enough of badinage,
And let's get on.

Now camouflage
Is most important in this war.
The Navy, in particular,
Had set its finest brains to think
How to make ships look like the drink.
But even so, their best schemes gave
A rotten version of a wave—
That is, of course, until friend Syme
(A most convenient name to rhyme)
Produced, as usual, a Plan.

This highly alcoholic man
Said with his usual clarity:
Why make a ship look like the sea
And not the sea look like a ship?
Their Lordships thought he'd lost his grip

And should be pensioned, but old Syme
Just asked them for a bit of time,

Some drums of oil-paint, and the loan
Of an old sloop, then on his own
He'd go and fix the matter up.
Although they thought all this was gup
They humoured him, and *Aquatint*
Was fitted out.

For weeks no hint
Of his activities was seen
Except that tons of paint—pea-green,
Sky-blue, brown, crimson, yellow,
white,
Were shipped aboard.

And then one night
The *Aquatint* was gone.

Months passed,
Still nothing happened. Then at last
Huge headlines in a German sheet
Announced that they had sunk our
Fleet.

The whole of it, entire, complete—
Cruisers, carriers, battle-boats,
Destroyers, trawlers, Carley-floats—
They gave the names of every one.
But then no sooner had the Hun
Announced all this, than Musso said
He'd sunk our Navy in the Med.

And he too mentioned all by name.
Next week the *Japs* put in a claim. . . .

This caused the greatest interest
In Whitehall and, as you have guessed,
The cause was Syme's activities:
He'd painted ships on all the seas.
Since oil and water don't combine
The things stayed put until a mine,
Bomb, or torpedo shook them up.
The Axis had been sold a pup
And we sat back and watched them
scrap—

Adolf, and Musso, and the Jap;
Till Hitler's patience neared its
end. . . .

I wonder, why should fortune send
A gale of such peculiar force
Just at that juncture? In its course
Why should it traverse just those seas
Adjacent to our enemies?
Idle to ask, or question, but
It made George Syme's idea go phut
Because, when it at last passed by,
Twelve fleets were stranded high and dry
Around the coasts of Axis lands
In coloured patches on the sands.



BACK TO BACK

"Squirt away at the West, Doktor—you're doing fine."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, March 9th.—House of Lords: Pageantry With a Meaning.

House of Commons: Mr. Speaker is Elected.

Wednesday, March 10th.—House of Lords: Of Germans and Nazis.

House of Commons: Navy Estimates.

Thursday, March 11th.—House of Commons: The Junior Service Takes a Bow.

Tuesday, March 9th.—There is, even in these uniformed days, something intensely *civilian* about the House of Commons. One never sees a sword except those highly ceremonial affairs borne by the Serjeant-at-Arms, Brigadier HOWARD, and Mr. W. J. PUSEY, the Speaker's Train-bearer. Never is there a scarlet coat, a golden epaulette, a nodding plume.

Yet there are few places where ceremonial is more impressive; nowhere, probably, where it is carried out with a greater impression of sincerity and deep meaning.

Take to-day's proceedings, the election of a Speaker in place of Mr. Speaker EDWARD ALGERNON FITZROY, whose ashes now rest beneath the chancel of Parliament's "own" church, St. Margaret's, Westminster.

There was all the impressiveness of six hundred years of Britain's history in that simple ceremony. Every move and gesture had its historic significance, every word its full charge of constitutional importance.

In other lands there might have been dazzling displays of uniforms, heel-clicking, much shouting of orders, great pageantry. In the home of the Mother of Parliaments there were symbolism, gentle cheering, soft collars, informality.

And yet—or was it therefore?—how deeply impressive it all was!

Members crowded into the Chamber, filling every bench. Just before the appointed meeting time, a trim figure strode modestly in, and, pushing a way to an inconspicuous seat, sat down. It was Colonel DOUGLAS CLIFTON BROWN, Conservative M.P. for Hexham, Northumberland. About whom more anon; much more.

No sooner had he sat down than Brigadier HOWARD entered with the Mace, which he put under the Table.

The Chair was without an occupant. Sitting, wigged and gowned, before it, were the three Clerks, Sir GILBERT CAMPION, Mr. FREDERIC METCALFE, and Mr. EDWARD A. FELLOWES, who normally are the strong silent men of the House. To-day, however, Sir GILBERT had to preside over the House, but, since he may not speak except by order of the Chair, he had to stand silently and point to someone who could speak.

So he rose and with a sweeping gesture pointed to Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, who is



THE LITTLE BROTHER

Brig-Gen. Clifton Brown alludes to his first acquaintance with the new Speaker.

also Leader of the House. Mr. EDEN briefly announced that the KING gave leave for the election of a new Speaker, and sat down.

Sir GILBERT's arm swept round to indicate Mr. GEORGE LAMBERT, who might be called the Uncle of the House, since he was first elected in 1891, only a year after Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Father of the House. Mr. LAMBERT moved the election of Colonel CLIFTON BROWN as Speaker, in a speech as rich in metaphor as any we have heard for many a year. If some of the metaphors were mixed (such as that concerning the flame that burned in all British breasts), it was all very impressive and dignified and other-dayish.

He who had sat under five Speakers looked forward confidently to a Speakership as great as any, and the House cheered its agreement.

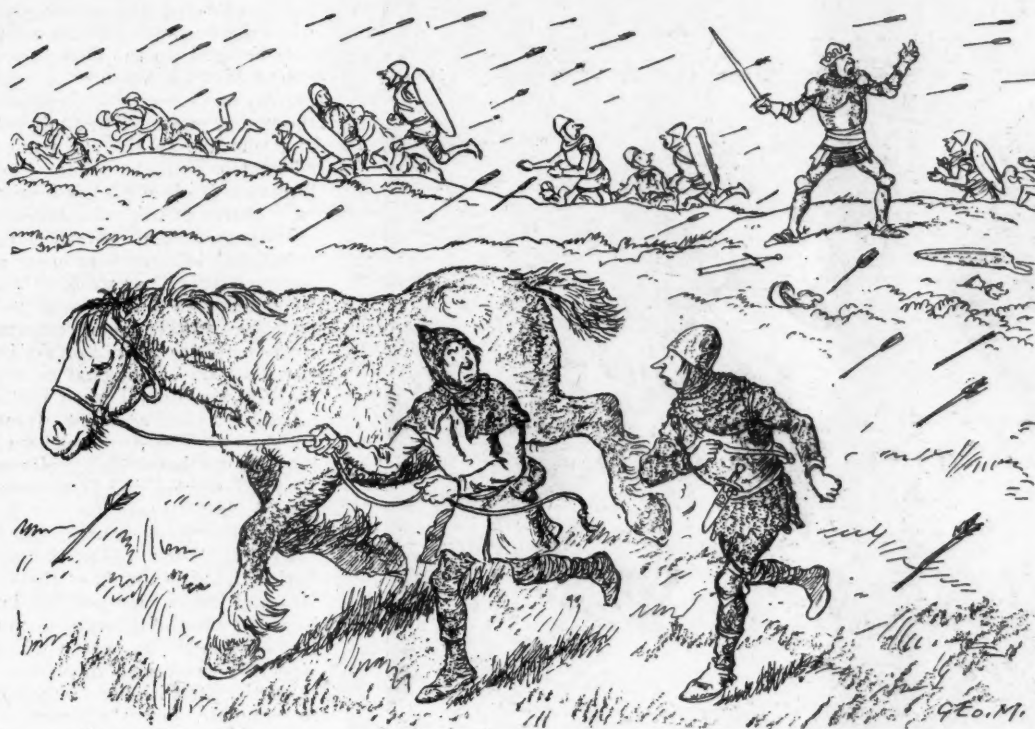
The moving finger of Sir GILBERT swung over the House to rest on Mr. JOE TINKER, on the back Opposition benches. Mr. TINKER pretended astonishment at being asked to second the appointment, seeing that Colonel CLIFTON BROWN had failed to call him to speak in the whole of the recent three-days' debate on the Beveridge Report. However, he was a forgiving sort of cove, and it gave him unsadistic pleasure to heap coals of fire on the gallant Colonel's head.

Captain CUNNINGHAM REID jumped up, and Sir GILBERT had to point to him. The Captain's speech was an objection to the election, not because he thought the nominee was anything but a perfect candidate, but because he (the Captain) was not always called when he wanted to speak. So (as he put it with disarming frankness) he was taking full advantage of a time when there were no rules, and when he could say what he liked. He said what he liked for some time, even though the rest of the House did not like what he said.

However, all things come to an end, and at length Colonel CLIFTON BROWN rose to obey tradition by "disabling himself." Members were relieved to notice that this was not some new form of Parliamentary mayhem, but merely the traditional modesty required of all candidates for the Chair. Colonel CLIFTON BROWN did it with convincing sincerity, promising that he would do his best to follow in the footsteps of Captain FITZROY.

The House clearly thought this the highest aim any man could have, and cheered their assent to the appointment.

Mr. LAMBERT, pushing back his cuffs in a most businesslike manner, beckoned to Mr. TINKER, and the two executed a neat pincer movement, carrying out their battle-drill in a manner that impressed the many members of the Parliamentary Home Guard who looked on. Colonel CLIFTON BROWN was ready for them, however, and, thrusting out his arms, handed them off with the skill of an international rugger-player—or a Commando. But it was a one-sided fight, and the proposer and seconder got the Colonel firmly by the arms and, dragging and pushing, propelled him to the Chair.



"Kingdom indeed! And now he says something about not meaning it literally."

After thanking the House for the (traditionally unwanted) job, the Colonel stepped into the Chair, and the House adjourned for a time.

The second act took place in the more colourful setting of the House of Peers. Lord SIMON, interrupting the business, announced that the Commons had appointed a Speaker, whom the KING wished to approve. So off he went, with Lords SALISBURY, CREWE, ADDISON and FITZALAN OF DERWENT, to put on scarlet and ermine robes and sit as a Royal Commission to signify the Royal Approbation.

Back they came and sat on a form in front of the Golden Throne. An elaborate Commission was read, there were bows and hat-raisings. Black Rod was sent to bring the Commons along. They came, making a noise that could scarcely have been surpassed in the turbulent times of the Middle Ages. They made so much uproar, in fact, that officials had to go round roaring for silence, while the Lord Chancellor tried (with patchy success) to compete by reciting the words of approbation.

Colonel CLIFTON BROWN, with traditional defiance, mentioned that the

Commons "in the exercise of their undoubted rights and privileges" had elected him Speaker, and asked for Royal approval. This was given, and the new Speaker, complete at last, asked that, if he drifted into inadvertent error in the course of his work the King should lay the blame at his door and not that of the faithful Commons.

Whether this included the error of creating uproar in the midst of the dignity of the House of Peers was not clear but in any case the Lord Chancellor smiled indulgently, and Mr. Speaker backed out of the House.

A moment later he had doffed the bobbed wig for the full-bottomed one that will be his uniform, and had donned the long black robe of office.

The Commons House was complete again.

Wednesday, March 10th.—The Commons passed a vote of condolence with the relatives of the late Speaker, and asked the KING to confer on the family some signal mark of his favour.

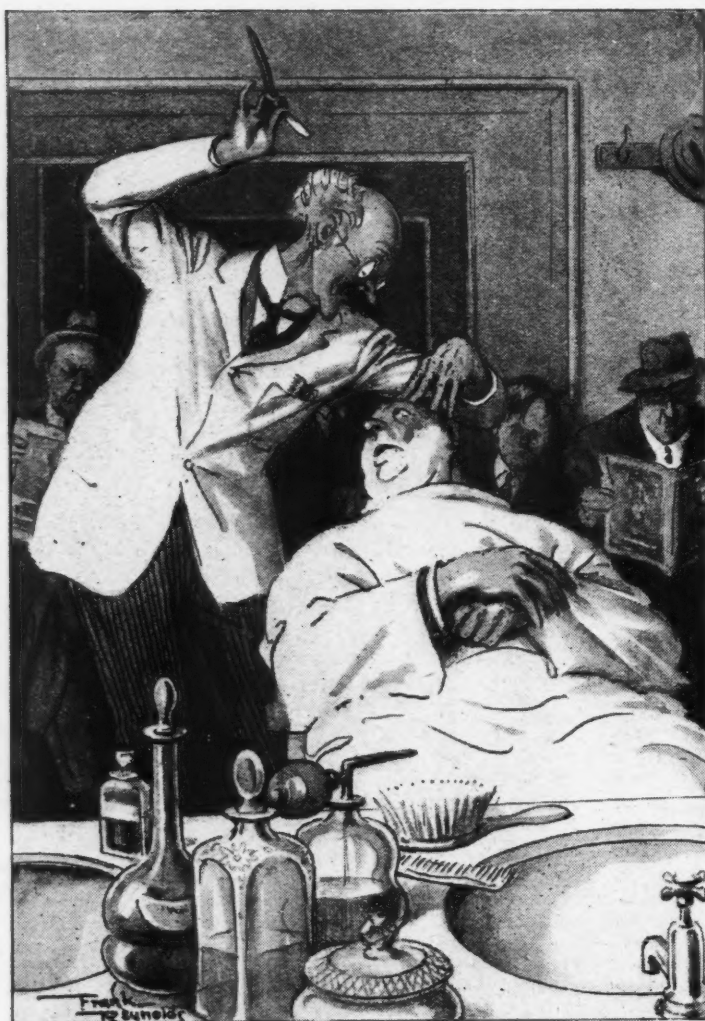
They also received with grateful acknowledgments the unprecedented message of sympathy sent from the Lords.

And then back to the business of the House, which was once more the Navy Estimates. The debate went on a long time, and many and various were the recommendations and comments made, from the "For-heaven's-sake-get-a-move-on" of Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY to the "Everything's-all-right-so-don't-you-worry" line of the First Lord.

The Lords were deeply moved by a speech of surpassing eloquence and orderliness by the Bishop of Chichester, asking for a sharp line of distinction between Nazis and ordinary Germans. This led to quite a to-do, Lord VANSITTART well to the fore, with his well-known view that a Nazi cannot change his spots.

It was a somewhat inconclusive debate, but well worth while, if only because it produced that superb oration from the Bishop of Chichester.

Thursday, March 11th.—The Junior Service—the Royal Air Force—asked for its pay to-day, Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, the Air Minister, seeking approval for his Estimates. After another long debate this cash, too, was granted. So now the three Services are paid for.



"Never mind about the news or the high price of beer—come to the part where you ask me if I want any razor-blades."

Toller Reports.

To O.C. "B" Sqn.

HEREWITH my report as required on the Ensa Concert held in the Naafi on the evening of 5 Feb 1943. May I point out that, although as Unit Entertainments Officer I was responsible for the arrangements for the production, my taking over from Lt. Lapherd, on leave, was on the same afternoon and I had no opportunity up to within three-quarters of an hour of the commencement of the programme to check the arrangements, owing to the Troop scheme, from which we did not return to barracks until 1915 hrs, it being

necessary to tow my carrier out of the river.

The fact that there were no foot-lights was due to a fuse failing shortly before the show. As Lt. Lapherd was absent and the Naafi manager not available, the fuse could not be located until the entertainment was nearly concluded, while the fact that it was connected during the Black-out Sketch was due to Tpr. Green not being aware what item was showing on the stage.

The complaint of Sylvia Silver, the dancer, that when she stood on her partner's shoulders the drop-curtain

hid her face from view and her hair became covered in cobwebs, and that when she was swung by her ankles her hair brushed up the dust to such an extent that she was unable to see her partner and consequently collided with the piano, was unfortunately justified and was due to the stage not being adequately swept before the performance. Cpl. Mugg has been placed on a charge in this connection.

With reference to the incident mentioned in para 3 of your memo, although Tpr. Andrews is my batman I was unaware that for some years he had been a professional conjurer, and it was emphatically not on my instigation that he volunteered as a helper to Professor Marvel when that artist asked for an assistant from the audience. The two coloured balls referred to have been returned to Professor Marvel, and I am forwarding Tpr. Andrews' name for consideration for the Divisional Concert Party.

The explosion of a thunderflash during the band number "Deep in the Heart of Texas" is regretted, but the hypnotic effect of this tune upon Other Ranks should be borne in mind, especially when the audience is invited to participate with hand-clapping, etc. to simulate horses' hooves. The explanation of Cpl. Larkin is that the thunderflash, issued for the afternoon's scheme, had remained unused in his pocket, and during the song he ignited it with the object of reproducing the sound of a revolver-shot as a stage effect. He admits he was over-excited and has been placed on a charge. The N.C.O.s at the door were not instructed to search personnel attending the concert for thunder-flashes.

As to the jokes on the subject of various members of the Rgt, I am instructed this is normal procedure and is generally welcomed by the unit concerned. The material used was provided by myself in a conversation with the chief comedian, with whom I discovered I had been to school. I was unaware at the time that our conversation was to be used in this way and as a consequence perhaps was freer in my description of various officers than I should otherwise have been.

The further matter referred to in your memo does not properly fall to my responsibility. The fact that the Buffs were allotted an excess number of seats, which resulted in the balcony partially breaking down during the song recital by Mme. Talbert, was an error on the part of the Orderly Room which only came to my notice during the performance.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.
Home Forces.

Little Talks

HULLO! You're looking very happy.

I've just been reading that astrologer-bloke in the Sunday—

You mean the ex-astrologer. He no longer mentions the stars.

Anyhow, he makes me feel I could push a trolley-bus over.

What does he say this week?

Well, he says: "Mark down the first week of May as the close in of Germany's darkest hour. Her agony will continue well into June, and you can accept June 6 (approximately)—"

I like that—"June 6—approximately." It's like saying "Punctually at one—or thereabouts."

Shut up. "—you can accept June 6 (approximately) as a historically vital point."

Very gratifying, I agree. "Mark down the first week of May." But—half a minute, while I look—yes, here we are. Here is a cutting I made from this wizard's pronouncements, last year. This was written last April—April 1942. Listen. "Mark off three months from, say, May 3—"

"Say, May 3"?

Yes, the same technique, you see. A nice blend of precision and vagueness. "Mark off three months from, say, May 3, to an Axis catastrophe."

Three months? That would be August 3rd.

Say, August 3rd. Do you remember an Axis catastrophe about August 3, 1942?

Can't say I do. As far as I remember, they were swallowing enormous chunks of Russia.

Quite. But he said much more than that. He said: "I think I shall prove right when I say that the blow struck soon" (he was talking about the European mainland) "will be equivalent to a major victory in its consequences. A series of revolts will have their genesis in this action." Can you recall any events of April or May 1942 that seem to fit that prognostication?

Not many—no.

There is more. He said: "This war will end with a sudden explosion which takes the world by surprise. And the match touching it off will be struck by July. Thereafter, no hope for Nazi aims."

"By July"?

Yes. June. Two months later the Huns were in the suburbs of Stalingrad, and Nazi aims looked pretty good.

Still, they were pushed back.

Some months later, yes. I was thinking of the "surprising and sudden

explosion" touched off "by July." Say, June 30.

Oh, well.

It's all very well to say "Oh, well." I'm trying to find out why an almost intelligent person like you permits yourself to be "cheered up" by this prophet this Sunday—having, I gather, studied him on so many previous Sundays.

Oh, but he's right sometimes, you must admit. Well, this week— Listen. He says: "For cause you may look to Marshal Timoshenko's big new drive (which I promised you was coming)..."

When did he promise that Timoshenko's big new drive was coming?

I don't actually remember. I don't see him every Sunday.

I ask the question, because if he did promise that Timoshenko's big new drive was coming it's a rather odd and dangerous thing to boast about. After Timoshenko was moved from his command in the south, you may remember, there was rather a mystery about his movements.

Yes. Some said he'd got the sack.

Others said he was training vast new armies in the rear. The mystery, I should say, was deliberately created by the Russian High Command. Certainly no ordinary member of the British public knew that Marshal Timoshenko was in fact in the North organizing a new offensive.

I expect the Germans knew.

Apparently not. Anyhow, that's not the point. The point is, if I had written to the papers any time during the last few weeks and said: "Marshal Timoshenko, of course, is organizing a big new drive in the North—"

It wouldn't have been printed.

No. And if it had been there would have been questions in the House, and perhaps one or two arrests. Quite rightly.

Oh, come—that's a bit heavy.

Is it? Is it a good thing to announce beforehand the time, district and leadership of the "drives" of our Allies? Or even our own?

WE record with deep regret the death of Mr. Inglis Allen, who from time to time wrote many amusing sketches for Punch, more particularly in the series entitled "Highways and Byeways," which were published between 1902 and 1904.

Ah, but he's not as exact as all that.

Isn't he? What about "say June 6"—and "by July"? What about this? It's a bit I cut out the other Sunday—February 28—

It's a bad habit, this "cutting-out."

Bad for astrologers, certainly. Listen: "This week will probably show the Government preparing a coup that cheers. . . . A coup in Europe, which is the one place that matters just now. By week-end expectation—"

Which "week-end" is that?

March 6-8th. "By week-end expectation will rise. Then comes a fortnight critical in its results for all Western Europe."

A fortnight? March 7th to March 21st.

Yes. Now what do you take that to mean? What would any ordinary reader take it to mean? And what would any German take it to mean?

Well, I suppose—that the Second Front in Europe is booked for the period March 7th to March 21st.

Exactly.

Well, let's hope he's right.

For his own sake, let's hope he's wrong. To announce correctly, if only to a fortnight, the time of the invasion of Europe seems to me a rather grave responsibility for any private citizen. And to announce it wrong—

Maybe he's employed by the Government to bamboozle the enemy.

That's the most charitable explanation. But it's rather hard on poor mutts like you who are continually being "cheered up" for nothing.

Well, I shall watch this fortnight with interest.

So shall I. So, I hope, will the Director of Public Prosecutions. By the way, does he say anything this week about my Second Front fortnight?

Not a thing.

Very odd. Perhaps he forgets what he says himself, like his readers.

Not if he's right.

True. It was Darwin, I think, who said: "The human mind never notices the coincidences which don't happen." Or words to that effect.

I must say I think you're a bit old-fashioned about all this.

Perhaps. The prophet Isaiah, I am told, in 700 B.C., in pronouncing the Almighty's judgment on Babylon, contemptuously referred to "the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators." The Romans drove them out of the city. There's something to be said for such old fashions.

A. P. H.

At the Revivals

"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"
(LYRIC)

"THE MERRY WIDOW"
(HIS MAJESTY'S)

THE best Barrie ought to be good enough for these—to use understatement—second-best days, and *What Every Woman Knows*, though its beginning is almost too good for the rest of it, may justly be called the best Barrie. It ages, of course, like you and me and everybody or everything else born in the year 1908, or before or since. But it does not date disastrously. *Maggie Wylie*, who married *John Shand* and made him a great politician without his knowing the reason, does not date or age at all. The seeming ease with which Miss BARBARA MULLEN takes over from Miss Hilda Trevelyan, the heroine of the original and two interim productions, indicates that *Maggie* is alive for good. She does not have to be re-created on revival; she just has to be fulfilled, well or ill, like *Lady Teazle* and *Kate Hardcastle*. The new actress fulfils her admirably.

That the other characters wear much less well does not drastically matter since *Maggie*, with her closely-kept "wee secret" that a successful man's best brains belong to his wife, is the hub and pivot of the whole matter. That "Scotsman on the make," *John Shand*, needs much more "charrum" than Mr. JOHN STUART can pour over him to make him seem other than a wooden dullard. But let us be fair to Mr. STUART and not blame the actor for the character, who appears to have been thought fairly wooden even in 1908 when Gerald du Maurier played him. At the first revival three years later Walkley had a capital unorthodox aperçu on that marriage and its consequences: "*Maggie Wylie* was a very bad wife for *John Shand*—it is a terrible conclusion to come to, but that is the bare truth; and St. John Hankin would have found very little trouble in composing one of those deadly fifth Acts of his, in which he could have shown *John Shand* an

intolerable bladder of humbug and *Maggie* a hopeless drudge. But this is prying where the apple reddens, and losing a little Eden for nothing."

And then how cleverly and airily does Dame IRENE VANBRUGH pretend that that French *Comtesse* of the play's later reaches is not made of a mixture of sugar and sawdust! Lady Tree, who usually took the part in the old days, was half-damned, half-praised, with the criticism that she was "overwhelmingly vivacious." The new *Comtesse* is certainly vivacious but, so

of Galashiels. But Mr. WATSON suddenly makes Elizabeth exist, just as *Maggie* makes Miss Turnbull exist with her "that." He does it by the rueful emphases he gives to the last two words in his "Ay, I'm married—ay, ay!" Everyone else works to good purpose, and Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN fits himself as neatly into the part of the well-dressed *Mr. Venables*—another of BARRIE's misadventures in character-drawing—as a carnation into a button-hole.

Mr. REECE PEMBERTON's *décor* and costumes deserve a more especial word of praise than does the production which is inclined to the dragging and the stereotyped. His notion of the *Wylies'* home in the first Act has the full cautious flavour of the second-best sitting-room at the manse, and his idea of a country cottage for the *Comtesse* in the last scene is a bright reflection of that lady's glistening character as presented by Dame IRENE. We still do not quite believe in the character. But the truth is that we do not fully believe in a single person in this play excepting *Maggie*. We go on loving them all, nevertheless.

And we go on loving the tunes of *The Merry Widow*, a piece, by the way, which is just a year older than BARRIE's. (If this rage for revivals continues we shall soon be re-attending some Pinero in the same week with refurbishings of *Flora-dora* or *The Chinese Honeymoon*. Why not?) At His Majesty's, LEHAR's operetta is handsomely staged and the eponymous *veuve* is

handsomely sung by Miss MADGE ELLIOTT with Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD as her Prince. The chief comedian, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES, the mature, inventive, and unvenerable *Baron Popoff* of old, does his best to ruin his famous performance with some ghastly wheezes about coupons and black-marketing. We implore Mr. GRAVES to abandon this unhappy and unnecessary notion. His old jokes will do more than well. The evening is crowned with the introduction to Maxim's Restaurant of the DARMORA BALLET, which dances the Can-can and other saltatory tomfooleries in a whirlwind of ecstasy. A. D.



WHEN SCOT MEETS SCOT

<i>Maggie Wylie</i>	MISS BARBARA MULLEN
<i>John Shand</i>	MR. JOHN STUART
<i>Alick Wylie</i>	MR. NORMAN MACOWAN
<i>David Wylie</i>	MR. JAMES WOODBURN
<i>James Wylie</i>	MR. CAVEN WATSON

to speak, underwhelmingly so. No other actress before the public can make more of a bad part, can so gracefully imbue a blank with her own radiance and sheer technical accomplishment. This performance keeps the play from flagging in the latter half where it always did show that dangerous tendency. Of *Maggie's* brothers we best liked the tactless *James* whom Mr. CAVEN WATSON rather startlingly turns into a living being instead of the usual Covenanters' Memorial of a Scotsman. *James*, you will remember, married a certain Elizabeth, a character who stays unseen like "that Miss Turnbull" who married the Minister



"They seem to be out—I don't see any chinks."

Rough Music

A GREAT deal of research has been done since the war began on the influence of music on production and morale. It seems to be taken for granted that music is on our side and that its powers need only sympathetic treatment to bring them into line with the Allied plan.

These premises are altogether false. By bitter experience I am convinced that music needs very careful watching. Its behaviour is suspect. Let me explain by means of a domestic example. Partly in order to conserve our supplies of tea (for purposes of exchange—an arrangement we have with the Mildews) we are in the habit of drinking considerable quantities of coffee. To make this beverage we employ one of those glass percolator affairs which lend such an air of science to the home. Now in spite of the greatest possible care in its handling the flask section of the apparatus has

always (until recently) been subject to an inexplicable tendency to disintegrate. One night the truth was revealed to me by a chance occurrence. We were listening to a Shostakovich symphony when with a loud report the glass of the mantelpiece clock departed from its case in a thousand fragments. There was only one explanation of the phenomenon. A few experiments revealed that the percolator was vulnerable to chromatic sequences in key B flat and (in a lesser degree) to any minor chord. I discovered that even the music of the human voice is dangerous. Raymond Gram Swing's "Good evening" once caused a fracture in a goldfish bowl and Dr. Joad's "Incrirridibly dall" has often proved fatal to liqueur-glasses.

Now if music can cause such havoc in the home, what must its effects be in the war factories where delicate instruments are subjected to the

amplified cacophony of jazz? Remember that the damage done need not be apparent to the naked eye. The stresses and strains induced in a tank fabricated to the accompaniment of certain apposite augmented sevenths or diminished fourths reveal themselves only on the field of battle.

If there are readers who doubt the truth of these statements let them inquire why it is that before crossing a bridge soldiers break step and stop singing. The collapse of a cantilever bridge* at Omastosh (S. Dakota) a few years ago was due to the playing of a piano in a saloon bar *two miles away*.

Music is a destructive force. We are frittering away our opportunities with this "Music While You Work" stuff. We ought to remember the walls of Jericho.

* The original typescript for this article may be inspected at the Punch Office.



"Then I could save even more paper by not having it wrapped."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Parson's Wife

ALTHOUGH nearly everything has been written about in the last twenty years, it has been left to the author of this delightful book (*The History of the Parson's Wife*, by MARGARET H. WATT. FABER, 8/6) to survey for the first time the varying fortunes of clergymen's wives in the last four centuries. During the uneasy period when England was neither Catholic nor Protestant, the status of the parson's wife was extremely precarious. Henry VIII forbade priests to marry, and though the ban was removed by Edward VI it was reimposed by Mary Tudor, who compelled all married clergymen to renounce their wives and make public confession of their sin. Under Elizabeth, who though Protestant in politics was Catholic in sentiment, and besides was apt to regard any marriage at all as a personal affront, the wives of clergymen were recognized by ecclesiastical law but not by the law of the land; and it was only in the reign of James I that the parson's wife was accorded the full status of a married woman.

The seventeenth century was a hard time for the Church of England. Apart from the special disaster of the Puritan Revolution, during which many clergymen turned to doctoring, prolonging their own lives, as one of them confessed, at the cost of others, the Church was much poorer than in the following century, and altogether unable to make comfortable provision for the very large families which were now usual among the clergy. John Wesley's

father, who had nineteen children, was imprisoned for debt once, and would probably have been imprisoned many times but for the thrift, energy and courage of his remarkable wife. With the increase in the value of landed property the situation changed, and before the end of the eighteenth century the Church had become a good career for the younger brothers and younger sons of the squirearchy. Fielding's *Parson Adams* had twenty-five pounds a year; Jane Austen's young clergyman, *Edmund Bertram*, examining his future parsonage, remarked that it might be "given the air of a gentleman's residence without any very heavy expense."

For Miss WATT the middle period of the nineteenth century, the age of Keble and Kingsley and Dr. Moberly, is the golden age of the Church of England, and she looks back very nostalgically to the spacious rectories she describes so charmingly, "where there were plenty of servants in hall and kitchen, gardeners in the garden, horses, carriages, and grooms in the stables." But though she does not pretend to like the present, she retains her confidence in the parson's wife, and believes that "the splendid capacities young women are showing to-day" will deal with the hard times ahead in the unfaltering spirit of John Wesley's mother.

H. K.

"Chip-Chop"

The sympathetic biographer of *Royal William* has chosen perhaps unwisely in presenting Chopin's life in novel form "without encroaching on his great work as a composer." To chronicle a musician's self-absorption, his infantile love-affairs, his childish properties of a social pet and plaything, and omit the clamant genius that gave so little quarter to manliness, is to beg the whole question of the artist's life. Failing a fairer approach, a more ruthless biographer than Miss DORIS LESLIE might have made Strachean hay of George Sand's spineless lover, "my hair uncurled and without white gloves," spitting blood in that disastrous love-nest in Majorca. Having denied herself more promising alternatives, however, Miss LESLIE takes her somewhat pedestrian way through a sufficiently well-known story whose only moving chapter, excellently staged, is the belated seriousness of its end. Yet *Polonaise* (HUTCHINSON, 9/6) has its topical applications. A proletarian world is no place for artists. "I cannot exist in ugliness," wrote Chopin from his Paris of 1848. "They will put me in the workshops or the National Guard if they do not put me in my coffin." He had never, apparently, resented ugliness for others. Consideration for the masses was the foible—theoretical, not personal—of his mistress, the tiresome and tentaculaire George.

H. P. E.

More Britain in Pictures

Two more additions—(not finishing touches, for the list of titles in preparation stretches out to the crack of doom)—to the picture of Britain: *English Cities and Small Towns*, by JOHN BETJEMAN, and *British Craftsmen*, by THOMAS HENNELL (both COLLINS, 4/6). Mr. BETJEMAN (who recommends *Kelly's Directory*) is of course himself the best of possible guides. He looks with a lover's eye on soaring cathedrals, corn exchanges and municipal gardens, converging tram-lines and cobbled seaports, a Regency terrace or a "family and commercial" hotel with a "vista of brown wallpaper, a mahogany sideboard, bottles of H.P. sauce and steel engravings." He draws out not so much the beauty of "Ancient Monuments" as of the elegant, sober, modest domestic architecture of the Georges and the early Victorian period, the heart of the old English

town. That, Mr. BETJEMAN says, has emerged invincible from bomb-damage: there is more to fear from post-war planning, but he holds out good hope of surviving both. Mr. THOMAS HENNELL, too, is hopeful of the future of the age-old British craftsmanship he describes. Though he pays due tribute to the revivalists—Morris, the Omega Workshops, Dartington—he sees the true place of the craftsman to-day not in home-made sandals and linen smock, but as the “hand and eye” of the machine, maintaining the healthy tradition of “British Made.” In the earlier part of his book he does what he can with his meandering subject. It is a pity he has no time to mention English pottery, silver, boat- and carriage-building, or the Highland home industries: but this is made up for by his knowledge and affection for good workmanship and the raw material itself—as when he calculates that the weight of a Tudor roof on its timbers is less than their native load of “twig, leaf and acorn.”

P. M. F.

Germany from the Consulting-Room

The mass mind of a nation, however sedulously cultivated, can never, except by a rather crude and fantastic analogy, resemble the individual soul. When therefore a practising psycho-analyst attempts to describe and account for *The Psychology of Fascism* (FABER, 8/6) he can do little more than discuss those individual morbidities which encourage and are encouraged by totalitarianism. Dr. PETER NATHAN, who studied at Munich in 1932, knows less, one gathers, about the historical Germany and the normal German than he does about certain aspects of present-day and not specifically German abnormalities. His book is therefore most useful as shedding light on the pathological causes and effects of undue state regimentation everywhere. The various German youth movements which separate boys and girls from their homes—and their safest and most natural chance of growing up together—are described with all their neurotic consequences; and there are useful warnings of unpleasant masculine reactions to the excessive domination or subjection of women. On the constructive side Dr. NATHAN is handicapped by a rather heady penchant for communism—which he regards, he says, as a super-Christianity, and a rather childish aversion to the religion of Dante and St. Joan—“a particularly namby-pamby, sloppy one.”

H. P. E.

Romance

Mildensee (MACMILLAN, 8/6) ends where *Carnet de Bal* began—with a woman remembering her girlhood. Miss NAOMI ROYDE SMITH's heroine is, of course, a being much superior to the smug and shallow woman in the film, for this is a romance. She is a great violinist remembering in her old age how her life might have been changed by a love-affair when she was a student abroad. Like all the love-affairs one most regrets, it came to nothing. He was an amateur musician of extraordinary talent, but weak, ruled and overruled by his mother. His weakness, however, provides the book with two scenes that would have delighted Henry James. One is of denial, the other of failure. The first, in particular, was a great opportunity, and James would have taken it, lovingly, detail by detail, mote by mote. There is a party, and the girl waits alone, the victim of a dreadful unreasoning fear. She sees *Aloys*, her fear vanishes, he is coming towards her; and then his mother appears, remarks “One of the musicians, I suppose,” and he answers “*Oui, ma mère*,” and mother and son pass on into the drawing-room. For some unaccountable reason this scene, the most important in the book, is more

or less thrown away. With the other Miss ROYDE SMITH does better, and there is something genuinely affecting in the picture of the girl waiting by the bridge, while the town grows quieter and one by one the lights go out, for the lover too weak to keep his word. But the first error is fatal to a promising book, which has been working up to this situation through an accumulation of agreeable romantic scenery and accessories that is not, in itself, sufficient. Ah, if only Miss ROYDE SMITH had been Mr. James! J. S.

Inspector French Again

It seems to have been said so often of Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS that he is one of our soundest players of the murder game according to the orthodox code that I hesitate to repeat it. But he never fouls. He is never, even on occasions when in the heat of the chase he might reasonably expect to get away with it, so much as offside. His knowledge of the game is so complete that he actually scores by sticking to the rules, which is another way of saying that Aristotle would have recommended him warmly to that philanthropic but prosperous institution, the Athenian Book Society. *Fear Comes to Chalfont* (HODDER AND STOUTON, 8/6) is another of his carefully planned, ingeniously sprung crimes, in which the admirable French, human enough to fall for the cul-de-sac but too shrewd to waste much time in it, makes his way steadily through a small forest of clues. On this outing the faithful Carter is left behind, to give a chance to a new boy from Hendon, and both as companion and sleuth's dogsbody *Sergeant Rollo* passes the test with flying colours. Who killed *Richard Elton*, cold inhibited solicitor living comfortably in the Surrey hills? His nephew? His tame scientist? His wife? Her lover? Her daughter? The butler? Or the clerk he had just sacked? I hadn't the slightest idea, and I'm sure you will be similarly baffled. *Query*: Why did *Elton* use an acetylene lamp where you and I would have used an electric torch, in 1939? You could buy batteries then.

E. O. D. K.

THE MERCHANT NAVY MEN

THEY know no ease, the Merchant Navy men,
Not home, with the good day done,
But the high gale and the steep sea,
The searing of cold and of sun;
The searing of cold and of sun;
Voyage end, and voyage begun.

They may not rest; they wait in the dusk, the dawn,
The flash and the tearing of steel,
The ice-wrap of the cold wave,
The cinders of thirst in the throat
And madness that sits in the boat.

They know no help, they see these things alone;
No uniform, linking in pride,
Nor the hard hand and the straight brace
Of discipline holding upright,
But their own soul in the night.

They claim no gain, the Merchant Navy men;
A wage, and the lot of the sea,
The job done, and their fair name,
And peace at the end of their way.
They give; must we not repay?

Punch Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

Pattern

WHEN in the morning early
Trees with a maze of boughs
most lightly lace
The sky that has been sleeked and
washed with night,
Cool as a shell,
And tufts of song are tossed across the
air—
Then suddenly and dearly
My heart wakes to delight.

Not for remembered dawns as fondly
fair,
As palely patterned with retiring stars,
For days remembered well;
Not for a world poised perilously
between wars;
But for the hope that there—

Brighter than light and lighter than
bird-song—
Rises from the green view.

My heart leaps upward to the morning
light,
Seeing the promise in the dawn, the day
When Freedom triumphs Tyranny;
It will not be the world that once we
knew,
In which we lived and hoped and once
were gay:
Peace will fall
Like shade in a parched place, as
coolingly
And as compassionately on us all,
And a man may go gladly his life
long. M. E. R.



"I hope you won't mind, but honestly I fail to see the point of all this."

Rebuke Courteous

WHEN I give a new Flight their General Knowledge test I write up on the blackboard, as their last question, "Describe me." I add the stock witticism, "Don't be ruder than necessary," which always raises a nervous laugh. When you're going to care body and soul for thirty assorted airmen, raw and apprehensive from their freshly-completed square-bashing, it is a good thing to raise a laugh, however nervous—provided of course that it is completely respectful. It shows them that even corporals are human.

The question is set, I always explain, to test their powers of observation, and since they have only suffered me for about a day and a half at the time the question is put, these powers have to be considerable if the answers are to produce anything more than the familiar "Tall, with piercing eyes; going bald" (I encourage them to be frank). Flight after Flight, however, I notice the following phrase recurring regularly—"Could be very sarcastic."

At first I thought this was merely an error of judgment. Then I wondered. Was I sarcastic? And if I was not, could I be? Then, as time went on, I began to suspect that I could be. Very soon I found that I was. Being sarcastic is not, in my opinion, a good thing. But every N.C.O. has his own disciplinary tricks, and I found I preferred mine to the roaring fury of Corporal Baines, the feeble pleading of Corporal Haines and the ruthless "You're on a charge!" of Corporal Staines.

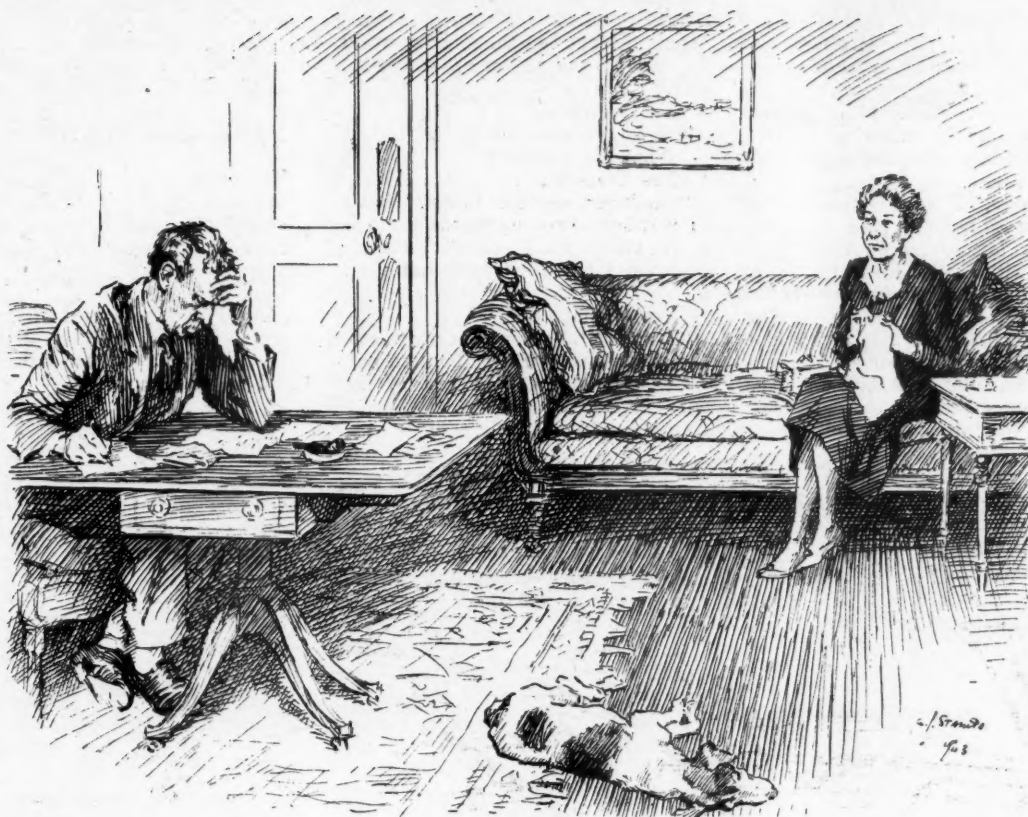
But I was cured of it this morning. Outside the N.A.A.F.I. we were falling in our Flights after "break"—Corporal Baines, Corporal Haines, Corporal Staines and I. The Squadron was a new intake; they were to be marched off for their General Knowledge test that very morning.

I faced the Flight squarely.

"'A' Flight!—come on, there, come on! Brace yourselves up on the cautionary word of command, will you! . . . 'A' Flight! Ah-ten-shah!"

It was then that I saw him. He was a plumpish, fresh-faced lad, standing on the extreme left of the front rank, eating a sausage-roll. His greatcoat was completely unfastened; he was standing with one leg curled intricately round the other; his hat was on the back of his head, turned Napoleonically sideways. In between mouthfuls I could hear him singing.

Could I be sarcastic? I could.



"Come and help me to fill in this application form for Six Easy Lessons on Filling in Government Forms."

Flights of airmen had testified to it. I cleared my throat.

"I do not in any way wish," I began, looking solemnly across the parade-ground, "to inconvenience any member of this Flight in the smallest degree. My function at this station is solely to organize your pleasure and comfort. You are here for eight weeks under my personal supervision, and I want to make it clear to you at this early stage that you are to do exactly as you like, all the time. I insist on it. If I should give any order or detail any duties which do not happen to fall in with any prearranged plans of yours—then, I implore you, do not hesitate to let me know. Of the hundreds of airmen who have passed through my hands during their course of training, one and all will tell you that my only concern was for their delight." The Flight was beginning to smile. I stood them easy, so that they could really enjoy it.

The fresh-faced lad, I saw with a

swift sidelong glance, was smiling crumbily. He had brought out an appetising fruit pie from an inner pocket, and was just starting on the edges of it. Otherwise he had not moved.

"It may be," I continued, warming up nicely now—"that owing to a lack of appreciation of your point of view I may give you an insufficiently long break-period in the morning. If you feel this, then it is up to you to make your feelings clear to me. Possibly you may feel that to say to me, 'Corporal, we want a longer break-period,' would be blunt and uncouth; perhaps you would prefer some less direct method of calling attention to your grievance. Very well—if that is the case, all you have to do is to bring any uneaten food out with you when you fall in. I can take a hint, I assure you. I only have to see half the front rank of my Flight eating sausage-rolls and covering their unbuttoned greatcoats with crumbs to

realize that this is your kindly way of lodging your complaint. To make the position even clearer, you could bring out mugs of cocoa as well. And why not a bag of potato-crisps each? Bring a few chairs out of the N.A.A.F.I.—let's all have a jolly picnic on the parade-ground! I dare say I could use my influence to get the cook-house staff to have the emergency field-kitchens working all morning for you. 'All morning,' did I say? Why not all day? After all, we've no work of any kind to do, we're gentlemen of leisure. It isn't as if the country were engaged in a war of any kind, is it? Well, then—let's make life one merry picnic! Sit down on your respirators and haversacks now. I'll run back into the N.A.A.F.I. and get more supplies—I fancy one or two of you have nothing left to eat. That will never do. I don't know what would happen to me if the Commanding Officer found I was starving my men!

Dear me, no, that would indeed be terrible!"

The fresh-faced boy choked on the last piece of his pie. His face was more purple than fresh. Convulsive laughter and fruit pies do not go together easily. I looked him squarely in the face for the first time, moving slowly towards him and biting my words out icily.

"Similarly," I said, "when I give the Flight an order to come to attention, the last thing I want is to interfere with any member of it who is standing like a broken-down racehorse, eating fruit pies, with his hat on sideways and all the buttons of his blue Service greatcoat unfastened." I was close to him now. "I do not want you

to pay any attention to me—any attention at all. Is that clear? When I bawl my head off saying, 'Flight, Attention!' the last thing in the world I want is for you to come to attention, isn't it? *Isn't it?*"

"Yes, Corporal."

The boy looked alarmed at last.

"What did you say?"

"Yes, Corporal."

"Don't you try to be funny. That's my privilege. Do you suppose, my dear fellow, that when I call the Flight to attention I mean everyone but you? *Do you?*"

"Yes, Corporal."

"You do?" I ground out my words.

"Then perhaps you'll be kind enough to explain why, to the rest of the

Flight. I fancy they're getting a little tired of waiting."

The boy glanced to his right, his face taking on an expression of slow comprehension; then he suddenly shuffled off a yard or two to his left.

"Where d'you think you're off to now?"

He gulped.

"Corporal Haines's Flight falls in just 'ere, Corporal," he stammered. "We went to break later than your lot."

I gulped.

"A Flight," I cried in an unexpected falsetto, "Ah-ten—*shah!*"

Yes, I could be sarcastic—once. But I'm cured now.



"Now we'll just practise sloping arms once again."

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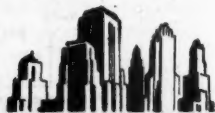
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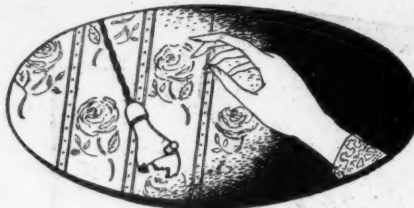
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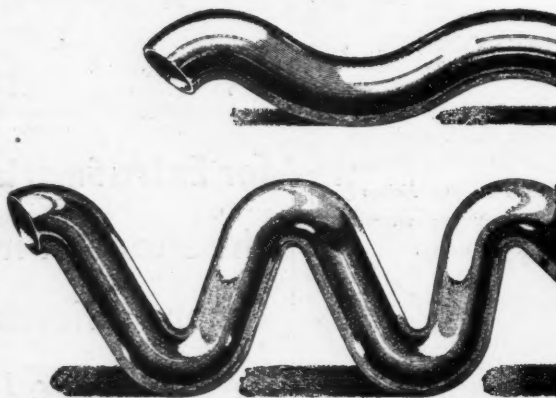
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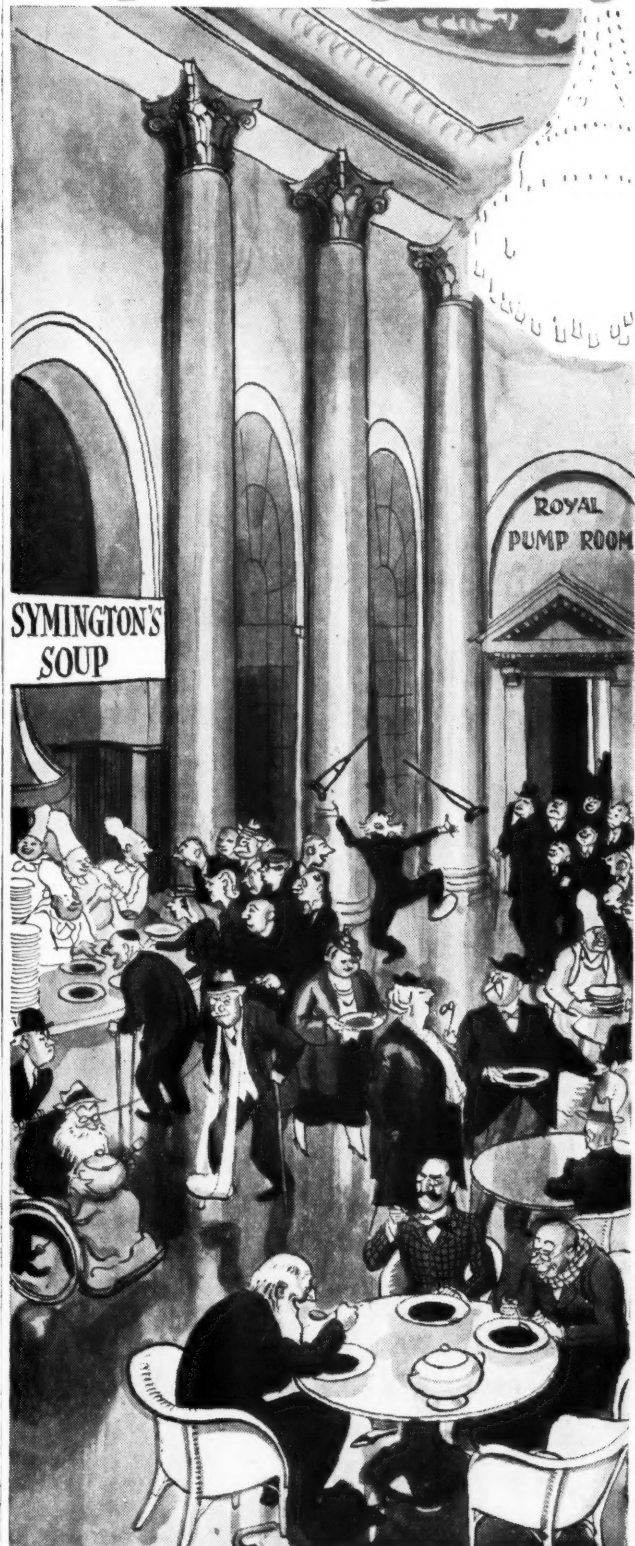
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HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHAT ARE VITAMINS?

No one had heard of a vitamin until a few years ago and very few people have ever seen a vitamin. But vitamins are important food factors without which no diet can be complete. The essential vitamins in the human diet are A, B₁, B₂, C and D. Vitamin A helps us to see in the dark (the vision of night-fighter pilots depends a lot on vitamin A) and it also helps to protect us from colds and other infections. Vitamin D builds firm bones and strong teeth. Vitamin C is the anti-scurvy vitamin and the vitamins B₁ and B₂ are good for the nerves and the appetite.

There is no danger of vitamin shortage if a careful selection is made from the foods available. Vitamin A is found in carrots, green vegetables, fat fish and fish liver oil; vitamin D, though short in other foods, is abundantly available also in fish liver oil; vitamins B₁ and B₂ in National Wheatmeal bread and yeast extract; and vitamin C in garden produce such as potatoes, swedes and green vegetables.

These natural foods should be included regularly in the diet.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

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